

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 Park Row, New York.
BALPH PULITZER, President, 55 Park Row.
J. ANTHONY AGNEW, Treasurer, 55 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 55 Park Row.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World for England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year \$10.00 One Month \$1.00
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VOLUME 56. NO. 19,743

NOT OUR KIND.

GUSTAVE STAHL, German reservist, who swore he saw four mounted guns on the deck of the Lusitania the night she sailed on her last trip, and who afterward admitted it was a lie and pleaded guilty to perjury, was sentenced yesterday in the United States District Court to one year and six months in the Federal prison at Atlanta.

James J. F. Archibald, correspondent, who under cover of an American passport carried messages "highly prejudicial to this nation," addressed by the Austrian Ambassador at Washington to the Austrian Foreign Office, has been deprived of his passport by order of Secretary of State Lansing. The Department of Justice is expected to look further into his case when he reaches this country.

Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, agent of the Imperial German Government, whose propaganda and methods became offensive to a degree that tried the patience of the nation, was long since persuaded to leave these shores.

So much for agents and tools. Now for principals. Constantin Dumba, Austrian Ambassador, is a self-confessed plotter against order and industry in this country. His high position makes him a dangerous example. His Government has been asked to withdraw him and his departure should be expedited.

Count von Bernstorff, German Ambassador, has proved himself a cynical subverter of sources of publicity, a lavish supporter of conspiracy and a transmitter of doubtful pledges. His estimate of our national character is not of a sort that makes us anxious to detain him. His passports should have been made ready long since.

If our relations with Germany and Austria are to continue upon a plane of friendliness and honesty they must send us representatives who deem us worthy of their respect.

We are tired of double dealing, whether from agents or embassies.

Why not: The deadly Arabic hit and destroyed a torpedo?

DESPICABLE SPORT.

GERMANY continues to put her Zeppelins to despicable use—raining death upon non-combatants, women and children, in crowded cities. Her latest air raid appears to have reached the heart of London—a feat over which brutal terrorism will no doubt yell with glee.

These Zeppelin attacks upon unarmed citizens are and have been from the first wanton, random massacre. From a military point of view they accomplish nothing. As for terrorizing the enemy, they can never be carried out on a scale which will make them anything but contemptible crimes against civilized warfare, which cannot frighten the enemy, but which assuredly set his mind on grim reprisals.

We agree with the Italian inventor, Marconi, that Zeppelin raids upon cities and suburbs are "dirty, dirty work" which should make Count Zeppelin bow his gray head in shame that his invention has been degraded to such barbarous employment.

To drop bombs on forts or munition plants may be a regular part of warfare. To blow up non-combatants in the streets or in their beds is to make a sport of slaughter.

The allies' bankers arrive to-day on the Lapland. Mr. J. P. Morgan meets them at quarantine and takes them aboard his yacht. A conference has been arranged in Mr. Morgan's library. Mr. Morgan comes of enterprising stock.

THE LONELY CITY HOUSE.

IN HER marble house in East Seventy-ninth Street, close to Fifth Avenue, in the wealthiest, most carefully guarded residential section of the city, a woman died in a struggle with masked burglars who had been admitted by confederates among her own servants.

The plotters executed their scheme not at dead of night but at 9 o'clock in the evening. At that hour, even at this season, scores of persons pass through the streets of the neighborhood, automobiles roll to and fro, caretakers, servants and watchmen take the air on the stoops, and many homes are already open and occupied by their owners. Most of the houses have private guards and the police are specially watchful of the section.

Yet this woman, alone in her library, was as far removed from the aid of thousands close by as she would have been in a chateau in the midst of a forest.

Wealth is wonderful. But to live alone with it, at the mercy of paid strangers whom the flash of diamonds may incite at any time to desperate crime, is cruel existence for a woman. It is amazing what loneliness and peril may lurk behind great house fronts in this crowded city.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

A full pocketbook comes as near making up for an empty head as anything could.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Contentment is a fine thing when accompanied by enough ambition to keep the blood in circulation.—Toledo Blade.

Of second thoughts all that can be truthfully said is not that they are the best but that they are not the worst.

Lack of work oftentimes comes from lack of energy.—Deseret News.

Letters From the People

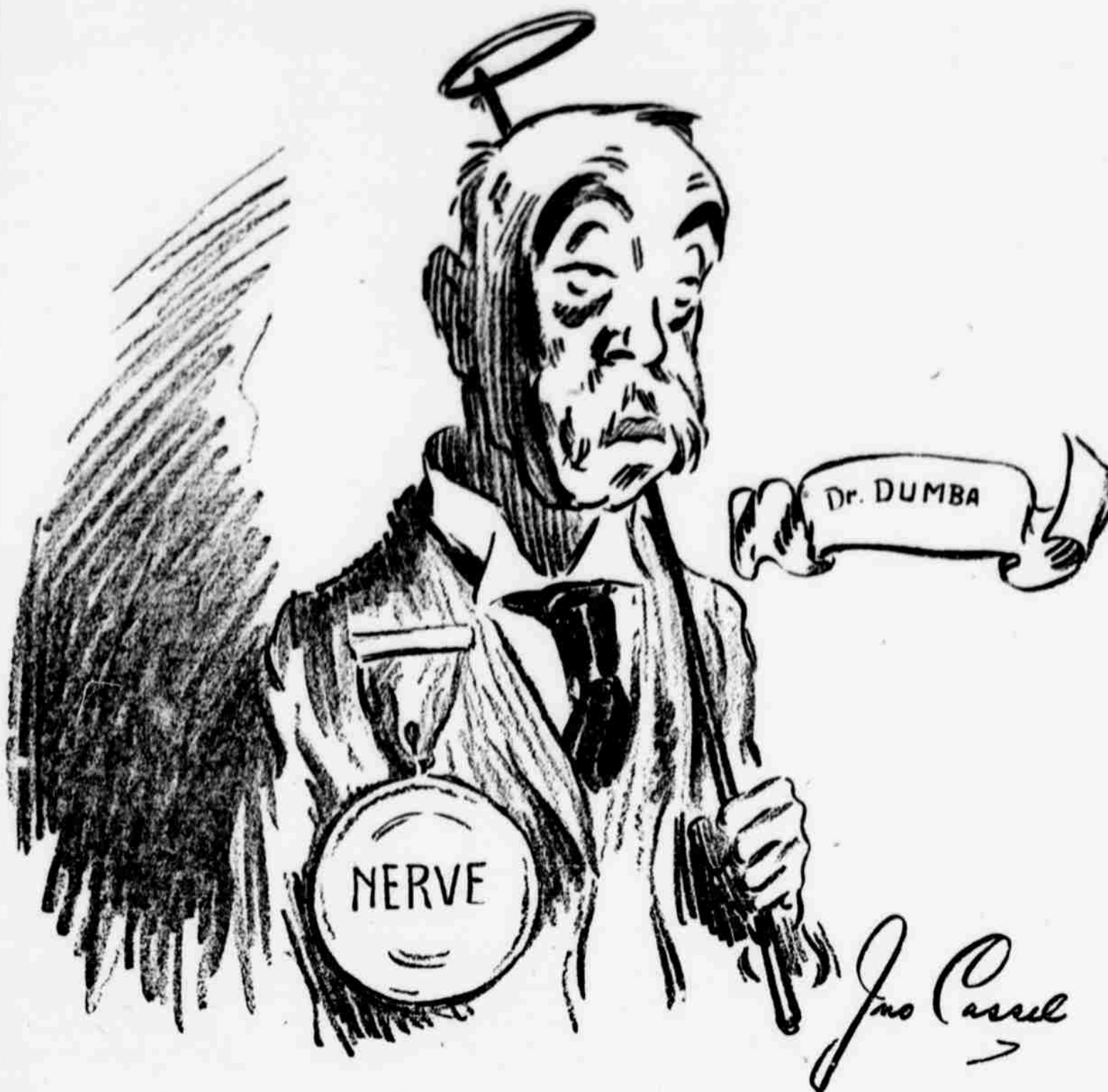
See Peril in "Reserve System." To the Editor of The Evening World: As a patrolman and a taxpayer of this city I wish to inform the public that under the reserve system now being tried out in one district the public of that district seem to me to be more than ever liable to trouble. For example, if a fire should break out in One Hundred and Fifth Street the reserves would be called

there. Another fire might be discovered in Fifth Street, and the balance of the men would go there. Then would not the district be unprotected? Could not a crook, with a helper, pull off a haul by starting these fires? Under the old way we patrolmen were left in our precinct, right in the center of the beats patrolled by us, and could easily attend to any troubles in our precinct.

PATROLMAN.

Men Who Deserve Medals--No. 1

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THE sultry weather, the cares of the day and worrying over the preparations of preparing the children for school had all "gotten on her nerves," as Mrs. Jarr expressed it. So, when friend husband returned from the trade trenches in a more or less cheerful mood he did not find his good lady in a receptive one.

"Jenkins, the bookkeeper, got back from his vacation to-day," began Mr. Jarr. "This time he took a trip to the Canadian Rockies. He looks fine, says he had a great time!"

"His wife wasn't with him?" queried Mrs. Jarr coldly.

"I forgot to ask, and he didn't mention it," replied Mr. Jarr.

Mrs. Jarr sniffed. "That shows how much a man cares for his own wife, or his friends care for her," she said. "Of course, Mrs. Jenkins would drive me crazy if I had her around me a day, and I don't blame Jenkins for running away from her; the only wonder is he ever came back. Still, a good wife is a good wife and should be appreciated even if there is no living with her."

This astounding philosophy was too much for Mr. Jarr. He only murmured weakly that Jenkins said the trip was one of over \$2,000 miles and that the scenery was grand.

"Much he saw of the scenery!" sneered Mrs. Jarr. "I have yet to know of men going on trips, whether fishing trips or hunting trips or scenery trips, that they weren't simply drinking trips."

"Gee whizz!" cried Mr. Jarr. "You are always finding fault when I come home and don't start a general conversation, and yet when I try to tell you little happenings of the day I think may interest you, you only bawl me out!"

Mrs. Jarr regarded him with an air of offended surprise. "Please do not use such terms here," she said coldly. "That may be the way Mr. Jenkins speaks to his wife, but at least I do not deserve it. Furthermore, I am not interested in either Mr. Jenkins or his wife. His going away on this trip was one excuse for staying out late to see him to the night train, and I only wonder he didn't return on a night train as you would have another excuse to be out till all hours."

Then Mr. Jarr remembered that when Jenkins had gone away, he and Johnson, the cashier, had seen him off on the midnight train, playing Kelly pool in the interim and a cafe—between the end of the business day

Mr. Jarr, Poor Man, Cannot Find Peace Except by Talking War!

of men like Jenkins and that man Rangle, and that awful Gus, who runs the dreadful place on the corner of this street, would have done you good to hear. At every word the Rev. Mr. Sunday spoke about those friends of yours mother nudged me in the ribs. When the meeting was over my side was sore."

"What did he say about them?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I refuse to repeat his language," said Mrs. Jarr. "Only a reformer,

only some one doing great good in this world, can use such language. It was terrible!"

"If I used it I'd be arrested!" suggested Mr. Jarr.

But Mrs. Jarr evidently had no opinion to express in the matter.

"Well, then," said Mr. Jarr, "the only safe topic for a man to broach in his own home is the war. I see the English are still battering at the Dardanelles and that the Russians are breaking all the Marathon records back to the Nevski Prospect."

"Please don't talk about that dreadful war!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "No woman cares to hear about it, so please don't discuss it!"

"Right you are," replied Mr. Jarr. "And therefore, I repeat, the war in Europe is the only safe topic for any married man to endeavor to discuss."

But Mrs. Jarr said she could not see it.

Why Your Clothes Are Not Becoming

By Andre Dupont

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The Color of the Sweater.

As everybody knows, a sweater was originally intended for a sporting garment, designed to prevent athletes from taking cold after strenuous physical exercise while resting between games or contests.

For a long time, however, its first use has been lost sight of by its immense popularity as a useful wrap to wear over thin frocks on cool mornings at the mountains or seashore. Everybody, from grandmothers to the youngest toddler, included a sweater in the vacation wardrobe. It carried everything before it. The crocheted shawl, the cunning little jacket that used to be worn so much, were all banished in favor of the more comfortable sweater. But, when one returned to town the sweater was put away until vacation came around once more.

But, almost by a twist of the wrist, as it were, Dame Fashion has changed all that, and now everywhere we go, uptown or downtown, we see the shapeless garment of old. This new sweater is a fascinating wrap of gay colored silk that is one of the prettiest things ever worn. The old time sweater came principally in modest white, but these new ones are all colors of the rainbow. They are lovely in pink from a deep rose shade to salmon, in blue from the bright Chinese blue to a pale azure, and they are most gorgeous in yellow or orange tints.

The very newest of all these attractive sweaters are striped and checked. And all of them are made either with graceful sashes tied in front or have on belts to give them the new long-waisted effect, as shown in the attractive sweater in our illustration. But, while this new garment is so fascinating, fat women are mistakenly choosing models intended for thin women, and vice versa. As a general rule, the "sportier" sweater the more slender the wearer should be. Checks, stripes and unusual color combinations are not for the plump woman. They look well only on the slender figure.

Bright yellow or gay orange sweaters are worn by dozens of blondes so arrayed. If blondes wear blue silk sweaters the effect is far better. The right shade of blue sets off fair hair and brings out all the beauties of blue eyes and delicate complexion.

The rose pink silk sweater is for the girl with brown eyes and dark hair. If the blonde prefers pink she should select a less vivid shade. There is a right color for every complexion.

Small sweaters for slender women.

General rule, the "sportier" sweater the more slender the wearer should be.

Checks, stripes and unusual color combinations are not for the plump woman. They look well only on the slender figure.

So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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THIS is about the time when fellows who, when they went off on their vacation a month or so ago, were of the opinion that married life was a dull job, find that she looks pretty darned good when she steps down from the train with her old friend, buddy-like, same-of-reglar-guy smile.

Our Idea of the Height of Happiness is the Dawning of the Day when we WON'T HAVE TO Watch our Step.

Enigmas of Existence: Croaked celery. Those "You ought to be with us" picture postals. Boston brown bread.

Matronly Myths: "You can always tell whether your husband cares for you or not. Now, my old dear doesn't in the least mind seeing me in a flousy old kimono and with my hair in curling kids."

The wife of the snarly little man who is constantly threatening to punch somebody in the jaw isn't in the least afraid of his ever doing it.

Recently we met a girl by the name of Eryntrude, and it was astounding how she looked, acted and talked the name.

After reviling photo-plays as silly for some years, we became a pronounced movie addict, habitus and bug at a summer resort this season. Now we're crawling around, trying to explain to our friends our change of view. The pitifullest crawl we make, we are aware, is when we say that the movies, by becoming more

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 50.—THE PRISONER OF ASSIOUT, by Grant Allen.

ATHANASIO was a Copt Christian, who lived in a Nile village near Assiout.

A Athanasio loved and was loved by Laila, the lovely daughter of a fellow villager. Soon they were to have been married, but the Sheikh of the village saw Laila and on sight he fell in love with her and vowed to add her to his harem.

Now, in those days an Egyptian peasant—especially were he a Christian—had no hope of justice. So at nightfall Athanasio smuggled Laila aboard a boat that was going to Karnak. In that city she had an uncle in whose house she could stay safely hidden.

The next morning Athanasio went to the Sheikh's white palace, and, throwing himself on his knees before the ruler, begged him not to take Laila for his harem, but to spare her to the man who loved her.

The Sheikh, in fury that a peasant should dare address him thus, ordered his servants to seize and bind Athanasio and to give him one hundred blows with a cudgel.

Lame and sore and raging, Athanasio staggered back to his hut, swearing vengeance as he went. Late that night he covered his face with a white linen mask, armed himself with a cudgel and crept back to the palace.

He crawled through a window into the Sheikh's bedroom and almost beat the life out of the tyrant, giving him one hundred blows, and escaping before the guards could be summoned.

In spite of his disguise his month figure had been recognized by the Sheikh, and at dawn Athanasio was arrested and dragged before the Court of Assiout. For the Sheikh had not the legal right to condemn a man to death and was forced to bring the prisoner to the Cadi.

The Cadi listened to the story, believed the Sheikh, discredited the witnesses for the defense and condemned Athanasio to be beheaded on the morning of the fourth day. In the meantime the captive was to be locked in a cell in the prison of Assiout.

The Governor of the prison was a fellow Christian and an old friend of Athanasio. He did all he could to make the condemned prisoner comfortable. On the third day Athanasio's brother came weeping to the Assiout prison with the news that their father was dying, and that Laila had come back by stealth from Karnak in the hope of a last farewell with her lover.

These tidings so touched the tender heart of the Governor that he let Athanasio go home to see his father and his sweetheart, first making him swear on the Cross not to tell any one of this forbidden clemency and to return to the prison at dawn. Athanasio took the oath and departed with his brother. Once outside the cells the brother told him that their father was well and that Laila was still at Karnak, but that he had told the story in order to further a plan he had devised.

At daybreak Athanasio was back at the prison as he had sworn to be. At eight he was led out to execution. Just as the headman was about to strike the Sheikh rode into the courtyard. He was bruised and was swathed in bandages.

Calling to the executioner to step back, the Sheikh announced that he had come to save the prisoner, declaring that Athanasio was innocent. The Sheikh knew this, he said, because on the preceding night he had been attacked and beaten in his bedroom by the same man who had before assaulted him. And this could not be Athanasio, because Athanasio was, of course, locked in his cell at that time.

The captive was set free. As he passed out of the prison the Governor whispered to him, laughing: "It is you who have done this thing! It is you who have assaulted him. You got out last night on purpose to play this scurvy trick. And I can't tell on you or I would lose my place."

Justice Outwitted.

Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy

By Famous Authors

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

By Jeremy Taylor.

M AN and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offenses of each other in the beginning of their conversation, every little thing that can blast an infant blossom. Infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes but in the succession of a long society and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is a want of love or prudence and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman who makes unequal conjectures and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportion of the new and early unkindnesses.

A sweet man and wife be careful to stifle little discords. As fast as they spring they be cut down and trodden upon, for if they be suffered to grow by numbers they make the spirit poisonous, and affections lively and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb

the sleep and the reason it disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is far from trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contend with a potent enemy.

It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly when they can be troubled with a trifling accident, and therefore it is good to tempt their affection when they are in that state of danger.

Add no new provocation to the accident, and peace will soon return and the discontent will pass away as soon as the sparks from the collision of a fluid; even remembering that discontent proceeding from little daily things does breed a secret undiscernible disease which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a secret undiscernible ailment.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by exposure and observation they find to be contrary to each other. As fast as they phantoms never appear, but govern elegantly, and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood or scarlet, as knowing that they will by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb

Making a Hit

By Alma Woodward

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AS AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER (Amateur photography cannot be accounted a fad, it is a perennial attraction, visited upon you would be surprised to find when there were no cameras, it is as yet as the much-sung swiftness take.)

FIRST—Before you buy your camera, ask your friends what make they'd advise you to purchase. Listen to the wondrous tales of what they've done with theirs. Go with them and stand in front of display windows while they point out the advantages of this shutter and that lens. Absorb the fact that it's a mistake to buy a cheap one, even in the beginning. Pay strict attention while they waver between one that costs \$22 and one at \$63. Then when you've got all they knew, take a two dollar bill and go get one.

2. Buy your twenty-cent roll of film at a drug store and get the clerk to tell you all about it, while a man's waiting to have a four-dollar prescription filled and a lady is just dying to buy a two-ounce bottle of eight-dollar perfume.

3. Buy a long black strap and sling the thing over your shoulder when you go on jaunts photograph hunting. At a distance it makes you look sporty.

4. Start on views, because they haven't the distressing habit of moving just when you're ready to snap. (Or is it the camera that moves?) Talk views until your friends with there'd be an earthquake that would level all views to the dust. Take your artistic, have finally reached up to heard a woman say the other day, when there isn't a toe left to her husband's socks. Gee, ain't I the catty thing!"

"If only I could get to California, I bet I'd make good out there," we've heard a lot of folks saying, musing young fellows say lately. But we can remember the time when we saw slanders of pretty smart chaps—smart but broke—wearing silk socks and plug hats and yet working at cleaning the streets of San Francisco for tickets to the cow-kitchen.

We know a number of lit'ry fellers who talk about "going into writing for the movies" just as if the film producers were going to kidnap them.

We move to expunge ALL the Git-You-Nowheres DON'TS, replacing each and every one of them with DO'S.

"She'll spend a week dressing a doll for some relief-of-somebody-fair," we